



WANTED.

AN INTELLIGENT boy, of steady habits, to learn the printing business, to whom a good situation will be given; apply at this office immediately.

HENRY WILSON, Senator elect from Massachusetts, made a short speech at the last regular anti-slavery lecture in Boston. He said, as reported in the Atlas: "In public or in private life, in majesty or in minority, at home or abroad, I intend to live and to die with bitter, unrelenting hostility to slavery on my lips. I make no compromises, anywhere, at home or abroad. I shall yield nothing of my anti-slavery sentiments, at home or abroad, to advance my own personal interests, to advance party interests, or to the demands of any State or section of our country. I hope to be able to maintain on all occasions the principles of liberty, to comprehend in my affections the whole country and the people of the whole country, of every color; and when I embrace the whole country in my affections, I want everybody to understand that I include in that term Massachusetts and the North."

Dr. Newman, the famous Romanist who had the controversy with Dr. Achilli the converted Papist, arrived in the Africa last week. Achilli is also in the country, and a leading "Know Nothing."

WISCONSIN SENATOR.—Charles Dorkee, has been elected to the U. S. Senate by a majority of one. The Tribune says he is an old-fashioned Abolitionist, a thorough Land Reformer, and Christian philanthropist.

Attempt to Kidnap a Spanish Boy.—Francis Hernandez, fifteen years old, was a school in the Institute at Claverack, three miles back of Hudson, in this State. His father, a resident of Baracoa, Cuba, now lies in prison at Havana, having been arrested in connection with the Baracoa matter. Francis' uncle resides in this city. On Thursday, D. Christoval Carnobelli, a messenger from the imprisoned father, together with the Spanish Consul, went to Claverack and got the boy. He was shown a letter from his father, which was a plea to him. The boy consented. Meantime the uncle saw nothing of all this. Yesterday Carnobelli with Francis Hernandez were on board the Empire City, just about sailing for Cuba. Before the ship left, an officer, the uncle and others rushed on board, took the boy, and that was the last seen of him. Whether the Spanish messenger or the uncle was the kidnapper is a matter yet to be decided.—N. Y. Mirror.

CAPTURE OF A SEAL.—The Hingham Journal of 2d inst. says: An Irishman named Daley, belonging in this town while crossing the Hingham and Quincy bridge, one day last week, saw a large seal basking in the sun upon the ice, and immediately resolved to capture it at all hazards. He proceeded cautiously towards his sealship, who, as soon as he heard his approach, made tracks for the water. The man succeeded in reaching the seal before it gained the water, and gave him a few raps over the head with a stick. The seal then dove into the water, but the Irishman, whose Celtic blood was fairly up, leaped in after it, and after a short struggle, succeeded in killing and bringing it ashore. It yielded about ten gallons of oil.

COURTESY OF THE BEAR.—It was stated in the Salem Register that a living bear was left on board ship Favorite, wrecked near Baker's Island, when the crew abandoned her. The bear during the passage had exhibited those unamiable traits of character which have become proverbial; but his instinct soon discovered that the pounding of the ship upon the rocks, which caused such a lively commotion among the ship's company, threatened danger, or total destruction to himself, although a passenger, and heretofore presumptuous of that distinction. He immediately began to coax and fondle the seamen, in the hope of inducing them to suffer him to join them in any mode of extricating themselves from the appalling danger. But they were forced to leave him to his uncomfortable reflections on board the wrecked ship.

When Capt. Morris, of the steamer R. H. Forbes, boarded the ship late in the afternoon, Bruin was disposed to be very civil, and in a whining way laid his paw upon his shoulder, as gently as was consistent with a cordial welcome. His docility led to his being kindly treated, and he was brought to the city yesterday by Capt. Morris.—Boston Daily Adv.

NAVY.—The United States brig-of-war Hauduberg, Capt. Rowan, will sail from the Navy Yard next week on her return to the Brazil squadron. Letters and papers will be taken by her to the officers and men of the American squadron on that station. Those who wish to communicate with their friends by this conveyance should send their parcels to the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, without delay.

DOESTICK ON NEW YEAR'S IN NEW YORK.

Seventy-Hundred and One, Narrow-lane, New York, Jan. 2, 1855.

Last New Year's (Sunday) the subscriber was having a luxurious time on board a Mississippi steamboat—said boat being laid up on a sand bar—provision all gone—the captain, steward, and one of the bar-keepers, being occupied by playing 'poker' with the passengers at one end of the boat while the more piously disposed were listening to the drawing tones of a nautical preacher, who was discounting second-hand sanctimony at the other—crew all on a 'bender' in the engine-room, firemen all drunk on the boiler-deck, and every body generally enjoying themselves. Made no calls, myself, except at the bar, where I wished myself so many happy New Years, and so many compliments of the season, that I slept that night on a pile of cotton-wood, and when I awoke my state-room, next day, I found each berth occupied by a saddle-colored fireman, both with their boots on; one with my Sunday coat under his head for a pillow, his hair decorated with sandy lumps of stone-coal, and his red flannel shirt ornamented with the contents of a tar-bucket, and the carpenter's glue pot. Since that eventful time, I have become a sojourner in town, and, on the approach of New Years, had felicitated myself on the prospect of seeing how New Yorkers celebrate this universal holiday.

Intended to call on my friends, and hoped, as the number of my feminine acquaintances in this immediate vicinity is small, to get through in time to spend the afternoon at my new boarding-house, where Mrs. Griggs, my landlady, and her two daughters, where to receive calls, and who had invited me to be present to see the "elephant," as far as the prospect of the day should disclose to an unsophisticated eye his mighty and magnificent proportions.

Early in the morning, dyed my incipient but dilatory mausoleum into visibility, dressed myself as fashionably as the resources of my limited wardrobe would permit, and attended by fast friend, Sandle Goutie, started on my journey, intending to "fetch up" eventually at my boarding-house, "stopping at all the 'intermediate' posts by the way." A word about my now-for-the-first-time-included-to-friend, Sandle. I have become much attached to him from his strong resemblance, in habits, to the "fat boy" of the Pickwick Papers. He sleeps everywhere—in the omnibus, on the ferry boat, in the street, at the Post Office, in church, at the theatre, and even while walking along Broadway. I have known him stop twenty-one stages in the course of an afternoon's walk by nodding at the drivers while he was enjoying a peripatetic nap. The first time I saw him, I was the humble instrument of preserving his valuable existence. He had started to go to the Post Office to mail an important letter, but had fallen asleep in Nassau street, and the bill-collectors had nearly overlaid him with show-bills announcing that at the Bowery Theatre would be played the drama of the "Seven Shepherds," to be followed by the song "We're all a Nodding," the whole to conclude with the farce of "Rip Van Winkle"—in fact, he sleeps everywhere, except at tables—open his sleepy eyes to the prospect of something good to eat, and his wakefulness will be induced to the utmost moral extent in those regions of unknown capacity to which he drowsily sends such astonishing quantities of provision. His internal dimensions have long been a favorite theme of speculation to his friends; but, alas! the problem must ever set a defiance to all the ordinary rules of measurement. He has occasioned this of epidemic pity, and then tries to read his Bible, and invariably goes to sleep and loses the book left in the ashes—and I verily believe that, though his eternal salvation depended upon his reading three chapters of the Gospel without having a fit of somnolence, he would go fast asleep before he had accomplished three verses. I, however, hope that the unusual excitement of the occasion, and the sight of refreshments might keep him awake, and so we started. Went to Smith's, Thompson's, Tompkins', Greene's, Brown's, &c., in all these places there was the same performance without change of programme. I give the formula—Enter—speak to the lady of the house—"Happy New Year" compliments—happy returns—take a glass of wine with the ladies—number of brandy, or punch, with the father—nibble a little cake—exit—to be repeated "ad libitum." At Jones's they had, on a side table, a plate under a plumed, labelled "for the poor"—and every visitor was expected to drop in a contribution. Some malicious person has recollected that the Joneses did the same thing last year, and his inconvenient and libellous memory has also recalled the circumstance that soon after New Year's the two daughters of Jones had a new silk dress, and Mrs. J. rejoiced in a new cloak and hat of the richest style, and he says that Bragley, the broker, told him that on the 3d of January last, Jones got some "tens" and "twenties" of him in exchange for small money, and made him two per cent. over—because so much of it was silver coin; and, in fact, he insinuates that as the money was to be "for the poor," Jones voted himself as poor as anybody and kept the proceeds—the rumor whispers that the Joneses would have so many calls the year round because their friends object to be taxed to pay their miller's bills.

At Snook's we found the doors closed, and a basket hung outside, in which to deposit cards—thought of the founding hospital, &c.

Old circumstances, very—but in all the parlor we visited that day I noticed one unvarying peculiarity of furniture—there was in no single parlor any two chairs of the same pattern—but they were of all shapes, sizes, dimensions, capacities, and degree of discomfort—from the damask covered to the unvarnished, which looked as if they had strayed in from the kitchen. The effect of this arrangement is to impress a stranger with the idea that the owner of the establishment has been compelled to furnish his drawing room from the choice assortment of a second hand furniture store.

And notwithstanding the recent election of a Maine Law Governor, in nearly every house, wines, brandy, punches, "hot stuff," and various inebriating drinks abounded, and every guest was compelled, on pain of slighting his host, to partake—the inevitable result was, that before night, many a youth, whose head might have withstood the attack of a single bottle, not being able to endure a twenty hours' siege, gave in dead-drunk—while others of harder heads and stronger stomach, reeled from parlor to parlor, proclaiming the obituary of their respectability and decency, by exhibiting the noisy clamor, or idiotic feelings of heavily drunkenness to the refined and polished ladies of "our best society"—in many cases rewarding the pseudo hospitality of their fair entertainers by liberally sprinkling the marble steps to their noble mansions with an unclean baptism from their aristocratic stomachs.

Kept Sandle awake until we entered a hack, and then let him lapse into a refreshing slumber, which continued until we reached home—entered the parlor, and took a seat in the corner, from which, unobserved, I could get a fair view of the various performances.

In this city, every young lady is skilled in music, and an elegant player upon that tortured instrument, the piano—each can sing an assortment of "glees" from beautiful operas—transposing her voice into vocal cork-screw, and opening her mouth so that, as a general thing, you can see these unmentionable articles that are used, in fireman's phrasology, to "light up the hose"—and these songs, these delectable morsels of harmony—varied by such extraneous and discordant as the agitation or forgetfulness of the moment may occasion—are always "executed" for the entertainment of evening visitors—Mrs. Griggs' daughters are no exception to this general rule.

First call—bell rings—enter bashful young man—evidently his first attempt at a fashionable visit—came in with his hat in his hand—put it behind him to make his bow—dropped it—tried to pick it up—stepped in it—put his foot through it—fell over it—and in his frantic struggle to recover himself, burst his coat, fractured his pantaloons, untied his cravat, demolished his shirt collar, and was finally borne away to the hall by his sympathizing friends—minus his patent muslin, one half of which was afterward found in Laura Matilda's scrap-socket, and the rest discovered in the coal-bucket.

Crowd of young men came in together (it is customary here for young gentlemen to club their funds, hire a carriage by the hour, and go calling in a drove, stopping at every house where one of the company happens to be acquainted—so that when a lady keeps open house, for every person whom she knows, or desires to see, a dozen unknown individuals annoy her by their uninvited presence)—every one asked the young ladies to sing, and the young ladies did sing—generally opera, but sometimes varying the entertainment with the touching ballad of "Old Dog Tray," or the graceful and genteel melody, "Jordan is a Hard Road." On this occasion the programme was somewhat as follows: Gent. No. 1, was treated with a "gem from Norma," No. 2, a Grand March; No. 3, "Old Dog Tray," No. 4, "Prima Donna Waltz," No. 5, "Norma," No. 6, "Jordan," No. 7, "Norma," No. 8, "Prima Donna" again; No. 9, "Norma," No. 10, "Norma"; No. 11, "Dog Tray," No. 12, "Norma," &c.

"Norma" being always ahead, and evidently a favorite of the field. I have no doubt that in the whole city yesterday "Norma" must have been entertained to "hear my prayer" at least fifteen thousand distinct times, by probably five thousand imploring females—and these harmonious supplications, if blended and consolidated into one powerful, entreating scream, would have been sufficient to raise the ancient Druids from their graves, only to find that, although the final trumpet had not sounded, it was by no means to be despised, that they had been fooled into a premature resurrection.

As evening came on, the guests who came showed signs of the day's indulgence; I was particularly edified by the movements of three of them, when I noted with peculiar care. The first one cordially shook hands with the servant-girl, called her "Mrs. Griggs," wished her many happy returns, and on being told of his error, made an humble apology to the piano-stool, and immediately sat down in a spout. The next made his bow to the lint-stand in the hall, swaggered into the room, called for a brandy "snash," tried to twelfth his mistake by begging pardon of Mrs. G. for mistaking her parlor for a bar-room, and assured her if he had done anything he was sorry for, he was exceedingly glad of it. The third stumbled on to the sofa, and after steadily contemplating his boots with much satisfaction for fifteen minutes, he picked up a Chinese fire-screen, and with an irresistible drunken sobriety, he tried to decipher the mysterious characters inscribed thereon—at the same time calling the attention of Mrs. G. to "the capital story in the Magtobor number of Harper's Octazine."

Refreshments—first man often essaying to wipe his nose with his umbrella, which he afterward placed in the music-rack—poured his coffee into his ice-cream, put his cake and sandwich into its place, stirred them up with a tea-spoon, and tried to drink—the effort resulting in a signal failure, he passed his cup to the chambermaid for a "little more sugar"—another spilled his wine in Laura Matilda's neck, begged she wouldn't apologize, and offered to wipe it with his pocket-handkerchief—by which application he designated the door-mat, which he had brought in with him from the hall. The other, after carefully depositing his plate on the floor, dropped his gloves into his sweater, tried to put his overcoat into his vest pocket, made a great attempt to at his cup to the chandelier for a "little more sugar"—another spilled his wine in Laura Matilda's neck, begged she wouldn't apologize, and offered to wipe it with his pocket-handkerchief—by which application he designated the door-mat, which he had brought in with him from the hall. The other, after carefully depositing his plate on the floor, dropped his gloves into his sweater, tried to put his overcoat into his vest pocket, made a great attempt to at his cup to the chandelier for a "little more sugar"—another spilled his wine in Laura Matilda's neck, begged she wouldn't apologize, and offered to wipe it with his pocket-handkerchief—by which application he designated the door-mat, which he had brought in with him from the hall. 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